Early Blossoms

taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace:
To live like brothers, and, conjunctive all,
Embellish life.

1283 5aa 29

THE

BLOSSOMS

OF EARLY

GENIUS AND VIRTUE;

CONTAINING

A GREAT VARIETY

OF

JUVENILE MEMOIRS

AND

ANECDOTES.

BURSLEM:

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THE

BLOSSOMS.

PAUL SARPI.

THIS celebrated man, commonly called Father Paul, was one of thoſe premature geniuses which aſtoniſhed the world when young; and yet his celebrity encreaſed as he grew up, till he became a great hiſtorian, one of the beſt men, and the moſt univerſal ſcholar of his age.

He learned the languages in child-

hood, and at thirteen applied himſelf to the ſtudy of philoſophy and the mathematics; afterward he acquired the knowledge of the civil and canon law, phyſic and anatomy, political ſience and theology, in rapid ſucceſſion, and became at length the idol of his country, and the wonder of Europe. His candour, modeſty, and piety, were equal to his learning; and his friendſhip was courted by moſt of the great men of his time, of different countries and religious parties.

Genius, ability, and virtue, while they excite the admiration of the good, excite also the envy of the bad; ſo that this excellent man was nearly murdered by aſſaſſins; but God preſerved him to die a natural and even a happy death, at an advanced age, A. D. 1622.

BLAISE

BLAISE PASCAL.

Paſcal was the glory of France, as Father Paul of Italy. He received his firſt inſtruction from his father, but learned mathematics of himſelf in an extraordinary manner, in a very ſhort time, and to ſuch a degree of perfection as to be the firſt mathematician of his age. He was equally eminent for eloquence and piety; and Bayle calls him 'one of the ſublimeſt geniuses the 'world ever produced.'

He ſuffered a great deal of ſickness, which he bore with admirable patience, and died in 1662, under the age of 40.

JOHN LEWIS CANDIAC.

This premature genius was born in the

diocese of Nismes, in France, 1719. In the cradle he diſtinguiſhed his letters, and knew them perfectly at thirteen months old. At three years old he read Latin, and at four tranſlated from it; at ſix he read Greek and Hebrew, and was maſter of arithmetic, hiſtory, geography, heraldry, and the ſcience of medals. He died of a complication of diſorders, in 1726; being but ſeven years old, yet having read and digeſted the beſt Authors in moſt branches of literature.

CHRISTIAN HEINETKIN.

This extraordinary child, the prodigy of the North, was born at Lubeck, in the year 1721. He ſpoke his maternal tongue fluently at ten months; at little more than a year old he was well

well acquainted with the ſcripture hiſtory; and, at two years and half, with geography, and ancient and modern hiſtory. He ſpoke Latin and French, fluently, before the commencement of his fourth year, 1725, in which he died. His conſtitution was so extremely delicate, that he was weaned a few months only before his death.

KING EDWARD VI.

This prince was a very extraordinary youth indeed. By the death of his father, Henry viii. in the year 1546, he became King of England at 9 years old, and died about 16. Yet, before his death, he was maſter of ſeveral languages, both ancient and modern, initiated in the sciences, and verſed in every branch of polite education then known

known. Nor were these all his acquirements: he knew, better than moſt kings at triple his age, the ſtate of his kingdom, and the character of his ſtateſmen and courtiers. He underſtood foreign affairs likewise, and was able to converse with his embaſſadors in ſuch a manner as to aſtoniſh them, and ſpread his fame all over Europe. He had great quickneſs of apprehenſion; yet being diſtruſtful of his memory, he uſed to take notes of every thing he heard, as well as of all the deciſions that paſſed in council.

His amiable diſpoſition and virtues were ſtill more extraordinary than his learning and abilities; and the whole was crowned with a ſincere and ardent piety towards God. But, unhappily for his country, when he was about 16, he fell into a conſumption, and declined very faſt till his death, which was reſigned and happy, July 6, 1553, in

in his 17th. year. In his laſt year he founded the Blue-Coat School, with Bethlehem and Bridewell Hoſpitals.

LADY JANE GREY.

This amiable princeſs was the ſiſter of the above prince, whom ſhe excelled, if poſſible, in moſt of his extraordinary accompliſhments. She wrote both Greek and Latin elegantly, and was well verſed in philoſophy, and other learning of the times. Her diſpoſition was exceedingly amiable, and her piety ſincere and fervent; yet being prevailed on by her parents, to ſuffer herſelf to be proclaimed Queen, on her brothers death, in excluſion of her eldeſt ſiſter, Mary; ſhe was cruelly beheaded in her 17th. year, the next after her brother's death.

JOHN

JOHN HARVEY.

This child was born in London, in 1654, his father being a Dutch Merchant. He was educated under his pious mother, who took great delight in inſtructing him in religion and the scriptures.

He was a very forward child, being able to ſpeak as well before he was three years old, as moſt others do at five: and read diſtinctly before moſt children are able to tell their letters. Between six and ſeven years old he was afflicted with ſore eyes, which was a great grief to him, becauſe it kept him from ſchool, and from his book, to which he was very much attached; and he could hardly be kept from it.

The moſt eminent trait in this boy's character, was his charity and benevolence, which was ſuch, that he could not

bear to wear any piece of expenſive finery, becauſe he thought many poor children might want the money to be laid out in necessaries. The following inſtance is moſt remarkable

A certain Turk being caſt by the providence of God where he lived; he was much affected with his case, and ſtudied how he might do him good. At laſt finding a man that underſtood the Turkiſh language, he perſuaded him to come to him, and asked him ſeveral queſtions, as, whether he believed there was a God? And whether he knew any thing of Jeſus Chriſt? But the Turk evaded theſe queſtions, complaining he was both dry and hungry; upon which he went to a brewer's, near at hand, to beg ſome beer, and to another houſe to aſk for food, pleading, that this was a poor ſtranger far from home—that none of us know where we may be caſt before we die—

that he did this that the Turk might have a good opinion of chriſtians, and of the chriſtian religion.

This poor child, with ſome more of the family, died in the fatal year of the plague, 1665, before he was quite twelve years old: being very happy and well aſſured he ſhould go to heaven.

J. P. BARRETIER.

This young man was the ſon of a miniſter of the reformed church, at Swabach, who was alſo his preceptor. At the age of nine he was maſter of five languages, including the Greek and Hebrew. At eleven he publiſhed a learned Latin letter, and a tranſlation of the Itinerary of Rabbi Benjamin, from Rabbinical Hebrew into French,

French, with curious notes and diſſertations.

It is remarkable that he learned theſe languages not by the aid of grammars and dictionaries, but rather by the uſe of different verſions of the Bible, acquiring his grammatical knowledge gradually as he proceeded.

To the above ſtudies he added thoſe of eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, philoſophy, and theology. His extraordinary parts not only procured him academical honours, but introduced him to the late King of Pruſſia, who had high expectations of his political abilities: but his life was prematurely terminated, juſt as he was entering on the age of manhood, in the year 1740.

FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

We ought never to obſerve ſilence, when evil preſents itſelf to our eyes; and particularly if it be in our power to curb and confound it.——Silence under ſuch circumſtances, would render rhe Spectator as criminal as the actual Parties who commit a crime. Ferdinad reaſoned in this ſage manner, one day, on ſeeing two little pilferers buſily employed in a gentleman's garden, to which he had unlimited acceſs. He immediately ran towards them, and aſked, if they thought their behaviour was good and juſtifiable? or, if they had a right to ſteal the property of another?

The children trembled exceedingly on hearing theſe words; beſeeched Ferdinand to ſay nothing of what he had ſeen; and even offered him half the

the ſtolen fruits, as a reward for that ſilence which they ſo ardently deſired.

"Fie upon you!" ſaid Ferdinand: "would you have me to eat dainties that are unjuſtly obtained, while the poor wretch who ſteals for hunger, incurs the penalties of the law?—No! rather will I accuſe you to the owner of theſe premiſes, that your puniſhment may follow without delay: for all my moral leſſons inſtruct me—and juſtly, I am certain—that thoſe who commit evil ought to be chaſtiſed."

The two Culprits were aſtoniſhed at finding ſo much incorruptibility and courage in a boy no older than themſelves: nor would the gardener's cudgel have produced that effect on their minds, which was brought about by the reſolute tone, and the example, of Ferdinand. They implored his forgiveneſs in the moſt ſupplicating poſtures;

poſtures; and declared that if he would but be ſilent, they would never from thenceforth ſteal even the head of a pin. "Well," ſaid Ferdinand, "Mercy is allied to Juſtice: the former ſpares thoſe who are capable of repentance; while the latter cuts off the incorrigible. I am moved by your promiſes of amendment, and will conceal your villany, on condition that you here leave, in one heap, all the fruit in your pockets, that the owner may ſee the neceſſity of being on his guard for the future.

It is needleſs to deſcribe the willingneſs with which they both acceded to this propoſition, and the nimbleneſs which they employed to diſencumbur themſelves of what had now loſt its flavour, however delicious when honourably acquired.—Though each of them was equal to Ferdinand in point of ſtrength, they retreated with the utmoſt

moſt precipitation, over an incloſure of planks, at the moſt imminent hazard. Ferdinand ſtill beſtowing on them the beſt counſel, while they continued within the reach of his voice.

Such is the dignity, ſuch the authority of virtue! ſuch the meanneſs and puſillanimity of vice!—In a caſe like that juſt repreſented, the two who invade the laws of ſociety, have three enemies to encounter: namely, two conſciences, and the perſon by whom they are detected. And thus my little Readers will ſee, as they grow up, the truth with which Shakeſpeare ſaid, that Conſcience does make Cowards of us all.

JOHN

JOHN SUDLOW.

This boy was born of religious parents, in the neighbourhood of London. When he was ſcarce able to ſpeak plain, he diſcovered a great ſenſe of God and of religion, occaſioned by obſerving the death of his little brother. This was when he was about four years old: and it led him to aſk his parents, whether he muſt die too, and what would become of him when he died.

He learned to read very quick, and took great delight in reading the Scriptures, his Cateſchiſm, and the Book of Martyrs: always going to his book, without bidding, when other children went to play. When he was yet in petticoats, he would aſk queſtions about religion and the Scriptures, and took great delight in hearing the pious converſation

converſation of his parents and others. He was much pleaſed to attend public worſhip, and ſo attentive, that he learned ſhort-hand on purpoſe to take down the miniſter's diſcourſes, great part of which he would repeat when he went home.

About the beginning of November, 1665, this good boy was ſmitten with the plague, of this he died, about 12 years old. Being aſked if he was not afraid to die, he anſwered, 'No: if the 'Lord will comfort me in that hour. 'This is a wicked world: it is good to 'live with my parents, but better to 'live with God.'

HENRY

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES.

This Prince was the ſon of our King James the Firſt, and once the hope and darling of the country.

His education was intruſted to the Earl of Mar, under whom Mr. Adam Newton was his tutor in the languages and ſciences, and Mr. R. Preſton was employed to teach him the faſhionable exerciſes of riding, dancing and fencing. In 1610, he was created Prince of Wales, a title long dormant, but died two years afterward, at about 19 years old, univerſally regretted by the nation, and eſpecially by all who perſonally knew him.

It is related of him, that, once as he was out a hunting, a butcher's dog ſeized the ſtag and killed it, thereby putting an end to the ſport. Some of the company endeavoured to excite his

his anger againſt the owner of the Dog, and told him, that his father, though he profeſſed to be religious, would, on ſuch occaſion, have ſworn ſo, that nobody could have borne it; but the young Prince meekly replied—'All the pleaſure in the world is not worth an oath.'

Though but a lad, this Prince was eminent for virtue and religion. Yet, when he lay on his death-bed, being viſited by a young nobleman, who had been frequently his play-mate, he ſaid to him, 'Ah, Tom! I now wiſh in 'vain for the time I have loſt in vain 'recreations with you and others.' He died very piouſly and happy.

CRICHTON.

CRICHTON.

Among the prodigies of genius, the admirable Crichton is celebrated as one of the moſt extraordinary. This young man was remarkably handſome in his perſon, and wonderfully active and alert in riding, fencing, tilting, and other manly exerciſes then in vogue. In learning, he was equally eminent, and bore away the prizes in public diſputations at various courts and univerſities, challenging the moſt famous profeſſors, wherever he came, to diſpute in any language, and on any ſcience. His memory was ſo great, that he would repeat an oration of an hour, after once hearing it.

Crichton received the firſt part of his education at the Univerſity of St. Andrew's, in Scotland, from whence he went to Paris. His laſt ſituation

was,

was, as tutor to the ſon of the Duke of Mantua, who, being a very diſſolute young man, baſely murdered him in diſguiſe. This admirable man flouriſhed, and died in the 16th century, being but in the prime of life and vigour.

WILLIAM AND HARRIET.

William and Harriet obtained liberty from their Mother to walk in the garden, at certain times, without being attended by any perſon for the purpoſe of watching their motions.—This privilege was granted them as a reward for their unremitted diligence at ſtudy.

This pretty Brother and Siſter alſo made ſo good a uſe of the favour they enjoyed, as could be wiſhed or expected:

ed: for a conſiderable time at leaſt. But at length they traſgreſſed; rather, however for want of thought, than from an obſtinate intention to trample on the regulations which had been formed.

Their Parents had ſtrictly commanded them never to pluck any thing from the trees; nor even to eat ſuch fruit as might lie on the ground, without firſt having ſpecial permiſſion for that purpoſe.—One day, they ſtopped, as it were inſenſibly, by the ſide of a peach-tree, which bore that year but little fruit; but that little was exceedingly delicious. On the ground, under that ſame tree, lay two beautiful peaches; both of which, William, inſtantly conveyed into his hands, and, without the ſmalleſt conſideration, elevated one of them to his mouth, and gave the other to Harriet, who but too careleſsly followed the bewitching example of her Brother.

Scarcely was this offence committed, before Harriet recollected the parental prohibition. "Ah! my dear William!" cried she, "we have been very naughty. We were ordered not to eat any fruit from the ground. Our good mother will be angry with us! What, what shall we do?"

William.—Ey?—Why she does not know it!

Harriet.—But she must know it, my dear William!—You have not forgot, have you, how readily she pardons our faults, when we confess them ingenuously?

William.—Yes! But now we have been disobedient; and disobedience is a crime which she seldom does forgive.

Harriet.—Well, but when she does punish us, 'tis because we are dear to her; and therefore she would make us better. Then we do not so soon forget her commands, or her orders.

William.—I declare, you are right, my dear Harriet! But it will grieve Mamma, to be under the neceſſity of puniſhing us. I cannot bear to ſee her ſorrowful; particularly when I am the occaſion of it.

Harriet.—Nor I neither, my dear Brother. But it will affect her much more, when ſhe hereafter diſcovers that we wilfully tried to conceal our folly. How ſhall we, with the conſciouſneſs of our guilt, dare to meet her accuſing eyes! or when ſhe careſſes us, and calls both you and me her dear Children, in what manner ſhall we conduct ourſelves, knowing how little we deſerve ſuch goodneſs?

William.—Ah! Harriet, I perceive you underſtand the matter better than I do. Come, let us go, and confeſs our faults at once.

Hand preſſed in hand, the two little ones left the garden, and appeared before their Mother.

"Dear Mother!" cried Harriet, we have been disobedient, but not with premeditation. We forgot your commands. We submit ourselves to the punishment which you may please to inflict on us. But we pray you not to be very angry: and that you will not make yourself unhappy. We will take care to behave ourselves more considerately for the future.

William then related the whole affair, precisely as it happened. The good Mother was so much affected at the openness and sincerity of her children, that she cried with excess of joy. Nor did she punish them; judging, that the willing compunction which they had manifested, was as good a security as she could possibly have for their succeeding good conduct.——Such, my little Readers, is the sovereign influence of Truth and Ingenuousness!

Dr. JOHNSON.

When the late Dr. Johnſon was but about three years old, it is ſaid he trod by accident upon one of a brood of 11 ducks, and killed it; on which he afterward made this verſe, by way of epitaph:

'Here lies good maſter duck,
'That Samuel Johnſon trod on;
'If it had liv'd 'twould have been good luck,
'There then had been an odd one.'

The GAMESTER.

A lad ſtanding by while his father was at play, and ſeeing him loſe a good deal of money, burſt into tears. 'What

'What do you weep for?" ſaid the father, 'O (ſaid he) I have read that 'when Alexander the Great heard 'how many countries his father had 'conquered, he wept for fear he 'ſhould leave him nothing to win: 'but I weep for fear you ſhould leave 'me nothing to loſe.'

EARLY AMBITION.

Cyrus, when quite a youth, at the court of his grandfather Astyages, undertook one day to perform the office of cup-bearer. He delivered the cup very gracefully, but omitted to taſte it, as was the cuſtom. The king reminded him of it, ſuppoſing he had forgot: 'No, ſir, replied Cyrus, but I was 'afraid there might be poiſon in it: 'for I have obſerved the Lords of

'your court, after drinking, become 'noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic; and 'that even you, sir, seem to have for- 'gotten that you was a king.'

THE

GENEROUS SON.

A veteran officer in the French service, being reduced without a pension, and with a young family, worked hard to support them by daily hard labour, in an obscure part of the country. He had got one son however into the military school at Paris, where he had a plentiful table, and every comfort and conveniency of life that could be wished, yet the generous youth refused to taste any thing but bread and water. When asked the reason, he replied,

replied, his father's family had nothing elſe, and he could not think of living luxurioufly while they were ſtarving. This coming to the hearing of the Duke de Choiſeul, he rewarded the ſon, and ſettled a penſion on his father.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

While Octavius was at Samos, after the famous battle of Actium, which made him maſter of the Roman Empire, he held a council, in order to examine the priſoners who had been engaged in Anthony's party. Among the reſt, there was brought before him, Metellus, an old man oppreſſed with years and infirmities, disfigured by a long beard, and diſhevelled hair, but eſpecially by his clothes, which, thro'

his ill-fortune, were become very ragged. The ſon of this Metellus ſat as one of the judges, and firſt could not eaſily diſcriminate his father through this deplorable appearance: at length, however, after viewing him narrowly, having recollected his features, inſtead of being aſhamed to own him, he ran to embrace the old man, and cried bitterly. Then, returning toward the tribunal, 'Cæſar, (ſaid he) my father 'has been your enemy; I your offi-'cer: he deſerves to be puniſhed, and 'I to be rewarded. The favour I de-'ſire of you is, either to ſave him on 'my account, or to order me to be put 'to death with him.' All the judges 'were touched with commiſeration at 'this affecting ſcene, even Octavius himſelf, who granted the old man both his life and liberty.

FRATERNAL

FRATERNAL UNION.

Scylurus the Scythian, having four-ſcore ſons, deſired nothing ſo much as to bring them up in the love of each other; and to ſhew them how invincible ſuch a concord would render them, as he lay on his death-bed he called them around him, and giving to each of them a bundle of javelins, bade them try if they could break the bundles. The young men having attempted, and declaring it impracticable, Scylurus untied the bundle in their preſence, broke the javelins one by one with the greateſt eaſe, and from thence took occaſion thus to addreſs his children: 'Behold, my ſons, 'your ſtrength whilſt linked together 'in the bonds of amity; on the con-'trary, how weak and what an eaſy 'prey

'prey you muſt be when ſeparated in 'your intereſts by diſcords and ſedi-'tion!'

FRATERNAL GENEROSITY.

The father of that eminent lawyer, Mr. Serjeant Glanville, had a good eſtate, which he intended to ſettle on his eldeſt ſon; but he proving a vicious young man. and there being no hopes of his recovery. he devolved it upon the Serjeant, who was his ſecond ſon. Upon the father's death, the eldeſt ſon, finding that what he had before conſidered as the mere threatenings of an angry old man, were now but too certain, became melancholy, which by degrees wrought in him ſo a great a change, that what his father could not prevail in while he lived, was

was now effected by the ſeverity of his laſt will. His brother obſerving this, invited him with many of his friends together to a feaſt; where, after other diſhes had been ſerved up, he ordered one, which was covered, to be ſet before his brother, and deſired him to uncover it; upon his doing which, the company, no leſs than himſelf, were ſurpriſed to find it full of writings: and ſtill more, when the Serjeant told them that he was now doing what he was ſure his father would have done, had he lived to ſee that happy change which they now all ſaw in his brother; and therefore he freely reſtored to him the whole eſtate.

REVERENCE

REVERENCE TO AGE.

In the Panathenæa, a courſe of ſolemn games at Athens, an old Athenian came late to the theatre and found it difficult to procure a ſeat. The audience even made a jeſt of him, calling to him, 'here is room,' and then ſitting cloſe to exclude him. The old man, much fatigued, and vexed with being made a public laughing ſtock, at length came to the ſeats of the Spartans, who all riſing to a man, gave him the beſt place among them. At this the whole theatre reſounded with applauſe, and the old Athenian riſing up exclaimed, 'The Athenians know what 'is right; but the Spartans practice it.'

AGESILAUS.

AGESILAUS.

Ageſilaus, King of Sparta, while yet a boy, was preſent at ſome ſolemn ſpectacle; and being aſſigned a place not very honourable, he obeyed, tho' apparent ſucceſſor to the kingdom: ſaying, 'It is well: I ſhall ſhew that 'the place does not honour the man, 'but the man the place.'

TRUE HEROISM.

Sir Philip Sidney, one of the brighteſt ornaments of Queen Elizabeth's court, had a command in the Engliſh forces, employed againſt the tyrant Philip II. of Spain. In the battle near Zutphen, he had two horſes killed under him; and while mounting

ing

ing the third, was wounded by a muſket ſhot from the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and half, on horſeback, to the camp; and, being faint with the loſs of blood, and probably parched with thirſt through the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was preſently brought to him; but juſt as he was putting the veſſel to his mouth, a poor wounded ſoldier, who happened to be carried by him at that inſtant, looked up to it with wiſhful eyes.—The gallant and generous Sidney took the bottle from his mouth, juſt when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the ſoldier, ſaying, 'Thy neceſſity is yet greater than mine.' For ſeveral days hopes were entertained of his recovery: but mortification enſuing, he prepared himſelf for death with the utmoſt piety and fortitude; and took leave of thoſe around him in theſe terms,

terms, 'Love my memory; cheriſh 'my friends; but, above all, govern 'your will and affections, by the will 'and words of your Creator.'

CHRISTIANITY.

The celebrated Lord Littleton ſaid to his phyſician in his laſt illneſs—— 'When I firſt ſet out in the world, I 'had friends who endeavoured to ſtag-'ger my belief in the chriſtian reli-'gion: but I kept my mind open to 'conviction. The evidences and doc-'trines of chriſtianity, ſtudied with at-'tention, made me a moſt firm and 'perſuaded believer of the chriſtian re-'ligion. I have made it the rule of my 'life, and it is the ground of my future 'hopes.'

THE

THE

GENEROUS VICTOR.

In the year 1356, Edward the black prince (as he was called) being only twenty-ſeven years of age, totally defeated John King of France, and took him priſoner, though with a very inferior force. On this occaſion he came forth to meet the captive king with all the ſigns of regard and ſympathy; adminiſtered comfort to him amidſt his misfortunes; paid him the tribute of praiſe due to his valour, and aſcribed his own victory merely to the chance of war, or rather to a ſuperior providence, which controls all the efforts of human force and prudence.—The behaviour of John ſhowed him not unworthy of this curteous treatment. His preſent fortune never made him

forget a moment that he was a king. More ſenſilbe to Edward's generoſity than to his own calamities he ſaid, that, notwithſtanding his defeat and captivity, his honour was ſtill unimpaired; and that, though he yielded the victory, it was gained by a prince of the moſt conſummative valour and humanity. Edward ordered a magnificent repaſt to be prepared in his tent, and himſelf ſerved the royal captive! He ſtood at the king's back during the meal; conſtantly refuſed to take a place at the table; and declared, that, being a ſubject, he was too well acquainted with the diſtance between his own rank and that of royal majeſty, to aſſume ſuch freedom. All his father's pretenſions to the crown of France were now buried in oblivion. John, in captivity, received the honours of a king, which were refuſed him when ſeated on the throne, and the French priſoners,

priſoners, conquered by this elevation of mind, more than by their late diſcomfiture, burſt out into tears of joy and admiration which were only checked by the reflection, that ſuch genuine and unexampled heroiſm in an enemy, muſt certainly in the iſſue prove but the more dangerous to their native country.

All the Engliſh knights imitated the generous example of their prince.—— The captives were every where treated with humanity, and were ſoon after honourably diſmiſſed, on paying moderate ranſoms to the conqueror.

DRUNKENNESS CURED.

The learned and pious Sir Mathew Hale, when a young man, was too much addicted to the ſociety of gay and

and vicious youth, till the following alarming accident drove him from it. Being invited, with ſome other young ſtudents, to a merry-making out of town, one of them drank wine ſo freely that he fell down as dead. All preſent were not a little terrified, and did what they could to bring him to himſelf. This particularly affected Mr. Hale, who went into another room, fell on his knees, and prayed earneſtly to God both that his friend might be reſtored to life, and that himſelf might be forgiven for having countenanced ſuch exceſſes. Moreover, he vowed to God, that he would never again keep ſuch company, nor drink another health while he lived.—His friend recovered, and Mr. Hale moſt religiouſly obſerved his vow.

THE

HEROIC DRUMMER.

In the late war, an Engliſh drummer having wandered from his camp, and getting too near the French lines, he was ſeized and brought before the French commander, on ſuſpicion of being a ſpy diſguiſed in a drummer's uniform. On being aſked who he was, he replied, 'A drummer in the Engliſh ſervice.' This not gaining credit; a drum was ſent for, and he was deſired to beat a couple of marches, which accordingly he did, and removed the French general's ſuſpicion: However, he deſired him to beat a retreat, 'A retreat! ſir, (replied the Briton) we don't know what this is in the Engliſh ſervice.'

ſervice.' This anſwer ſo pleaſed the French officer that he diſmiſſed the drummer, and wrote to his general, commending his ſpirited behaviour.

TURKISH JUSTICE.

A Grocer in Smyrna had a ſon, who roſe to the poſt of Naib, or deputy of the Cadi, or mayor of the city, and as ſuch viſited the markets, and inſpected the weights and meaſures of all retail dealers. One day as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbours, who knew enough of his father's character to ſuſpect that he might ſtand in need of the caution, adviſed him to move his weights, for fear of the worſt; but the old cheat, confident that his ſon would not expoſe him to the public, laughed at their advice,

advice, and ſtood very calmly at his ſhop-door, waiting for his coming.— The Naib however was well aſſured of the diſhoneſty of his father, and reſolved to detect his villany. Accordingly he ſtopped at the door, and ſaid coolly to him, 'Good man, fetch out your weights, that we may examine them.' Inſtead of obeying, the grocer would fain have put it off with a laugh; but was ſoon convinced his ſon was ſerious, by hearing him order the officers to ſearch his ſhop, and ſeeing them produce the inſtruments of his fraud, which, after an impartial examination, were openly condemned and broken to pieces. Still he hoped to eſcape any farther puniſhment: but even in this he was diſappointed, for the Naib ſentenced him to a fine of fifty piaſtres, and to receive a baſtinado of as many blows on the ſoles of his feet, juſt as if he had been an indifferent offender.

ſender. All this was executed on the ſpot; after which the Naib, leaping from his horſe, threw himſelf at his father's feet, and with his tears addreſſed him thus: 'Father, I have diſcharged 'my duty to my God, to my ſove-'reign, and my country; permit me 'now to acquit the debt I owe a pa-'rent. Juſtice is blind, and has no 'regard to father or ſon. You of-'fended againſt the laws of juſtice, 'and deſerved this puniſhment; I am 'ſorry it was your fate to have receiv-'ed it from me. My conſcience 'would not ſuffer me to act other-'wiſe. Act better for the future; and 'inſtead of blaming, pity my being 'reduced to ſo cruel a neceſſity.'— Having ſaid this he mounted his horſe again, and continued his journey amidſt the acclamations and praiſes of the whole city, for ſo extraordinary a piece of juſtice; report of which being made

made to the Sublime Porte, the Sultan advanced him to the poſt of Cadi, from whence, by degrees, he roſe to that of Mufti, the head of law and religion among the Turks.

GEORGE II.

King George II. one evening going to viſit the Counteſs of Yarmouth, in paſſing through the chambers to her apartments with only a ſingle page, he accidentally dropped a ſmall canvas bag of guineas, which he held in his hand, when one of them rolled into a cloſet, where wood was generally kept for the uſe of the bed-chamber. After the king had very deliberately picked uy the money, he found himſelf deficient of a guinea, and judging where it went, 'Come, (ſays he to the page) 'we

'we muſt find this guinea: here, 'help me to throw out this wood.'— The page and he accordingly fell to work, and in a little time found it.— 'Well! (ſays the king) you have 'worked hard, there is the guinea for 'your labour: but I would have no-'thing loſt.'

SCIPIO.

Scipio the younger, when only twenty four years of age, was appointed by the Roman republic to the command of the army againſt the Spaniards. Soon after the conqueſt of Carthagena, the capital of the empire, his integrity and virtue were put to the following memorable trial. Being retired into his camp, ſome of his officers brought him a young virgin of

ſuch exquiſite beauty, that ſhe drew upon her the eyes and admiration of all. The young conqueror ſtarted from his ſeat with confuſion and ſurprize: and like one thunder-ſtruck, ſeemed to be robbed of that ſelf-poſſeſſion, for which he was remarkable. In a few moments, having recovered himſelf, he enquired of the beautiful captive, in the moſt polite manner, concerning her country, birth, and connections; and finding that she was betrothed to a Celtiberian prince, named Allucius, he ordered both him and her parents to be ſent for. Immediately as the prince came into his preſence, Scipio took him aſide, and addreſſed him in theſe words: 'You and I are 'young, which admits of my ſpeaking 'to you with more freedom. Thoſe 'who brought me your future ſpouſe, 'aſſured me at the ſame time, that 'you loved her with extreme tender-

'neſs;

'and her beauty left me no room to
'to doubt it. Upon which, reflect-
'ing, that if like you, I had thought
'of forming ſuch an engagement, I
'ſhould deſire that ſo honourable a
'paſſion might be gratified; I there-
'fore think myſelf happy in the pre-
'ſent conjuncture to do you ſervice.—
'Though the fortune of war has made
'me your maſter, I deſire to be your
'friend. Here is your wife, take her,
'and may the gods bleſs you with
'her! One thing you may be fully
'aſſured of, that ſhe has been amongſt
'us as ſhe would have been in the
'houſe of her father and mother. Far
'be it from Scipio to purchaſe a looſe
'and momentary pleaſure at the ex-
'pence of virtue, honour, and the
'happineſs of an honeſt man! No, I
'have kept her for you, in order to
'make you a preſent worthy of you,
'and of myſelf. The only gratitude

'I require of you for this ineſtimable 'gift is, that you will be a friend to the 'Roman people.' Allucius's heart 'was too full to make him any anſwer; but, throwing himſelf at the general's feet, he wept aloud: the captive lady fell down in the ſame poſture; and remained ſo till the aged father, overwhelmed with tranſports of joy, burſt into the following words: 'Oh, divine Scipio! the gods have given thee more than human virtue.' Allucius, charmed with ſuch magnanimity, liberality, and politeneſs, went into his own country, and publiſhed on all occaſions the praiſes of his generous and humane victor; exclaiming, that there was come into Spain a young hero, like the gods; who conquered all things leſs by the force of his arms, than by the charms of his virtue, and the greatneſs of his beneficence. Upon this report all Celtiberia ſubmitted to the

the Romans; and Allucius returned to Scipio with 1400 choſen horſe to aſſiſt his future conqueſts.

AMBROSE DE BOUFLERS.

Ambrose de Bouflers, of the branch of Remiancourt, born at Paris in 1734, died in his eleventh year, at the battle of Dettingen, in 1744.

Courage and firmneſs do not belong excluſively to men alone. In paſt ages, and in the preſent times, children are every day ſeen to give proofs of valour truly heroic, and to preſerve the neceſſary calmneſs in the hotteſt poſts of danger. What Plutarch and other hiſtorians relate of the young Lacedemonians, what the boys of our own ſoldiery are daily ſeen to dare, who cheerfully carry food to their fa-

thers in the midſt of the fire of muſkets and the balls of artillery, all prove the truth of this aſſertion. Education, habit, and example, are the beſt of maſters, next to nature.

The Chevalier de Bouflers will not figure here by his learning. Though he was educated with great care, and made a conſiderable progreſs in the ſciences, in which he was inſtructed from his earlieſt years, he is more known by his military profeſſion than by his learning. Among the antient French, with whom the ſtrength of the body was preferred to the improvement of the mind, it was a conſtant cuſtom to abandon children of good families to the profeſſion of arms, from the age of eight or nine years. "Some of theſe children," ſays Froiſard, "have been ſeen in bloody battles, holding their colours, amid the greateſt preſs with one hand, while with the other they

ſtruck

ſtruck great blows with their ſabres. To confront a foreſt of bayonets, to recover a broken ſtandard, or to regain ſome feet of loſt ground, to meet the enemy in his very entrenchments, to remain firm at the tremendous noiſe of thirty pieces of artillery, ſcattering on all ſides terror and death; to collect the bullets, raining like hailſtones on the field of battle, and carry them gaily to the exhauſted engineers, were more than once the exploits of young people of twelve or thirteen, as well as of intrepid grenadiers."

The young officer, whoſe hiſtory we are tracing, recalls to our memories, and confirms theſe traits of heroiſm. Joſeph Maria, Duke of Bouflers, and Governor of Flanders, was his grandfather. Full of the noble deeds of our antient knights and of his anceſtors, this illuſtrious captain was ſingularly anxious that his grandſon ſhould reſemble

ſemble them, and ſupport the honour of the family. In conſequence he procured him an education proper to enflame his infant courage, and inſpire him with the love of glory. He was ſet to read the battles of Alexander, the Cyropedia, the life of Dugueſclin, of the Chevalier Bayard, and of Henry IV. the hiſtories of the great Conde, of Louis XIV. and of Villars. At ſeven years Ambroſe not only was acquainted with the lives of the greateſt warriors, he knew how to perform his exerciſe with all the ſteadineſs of an old ſoldier; and he was able to carry and handle his arms without letting fall a crown-piece, which was placed between his elbow and his ſide.

In his ninth year he had alſo acquired very extended notions in tactics, and in the art of the attack and defence of places. He could give the word of cammand for the different military evolutions,

volutions, and drew up with ſkill a little artificial army; for one of the principal amuſements of his childhood was to place and move, in different directions, pieces of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, cut out in paſteboard. As a military man is likely to find himſelf in foreign countries, the parents of young Bouflers ſpared no pains to make him acquainted with the modern languages. For this purpoſe they allowed him a German preceptor, and German ſervants, and it was in this manner that he learned German, Engliſh, and Italian; he was enabled to ſpeak theſe languages, to ſpell and tranſlate them in a few months; for no method is better than that of ſimple uſe and converſation, which is a living leſſon. The Chevalier de Bouflers had ſcarcely attained his tenth year, when he was obliged to interrupt the courſe of his ſtudies to make his

his firſt campaign. France was then at war with the Engliſh and Auſtrains, and Germany was the ſcene of action. Little Ambroſe followed thither his father and his uncle. Such is the advantage of education, and the force of habit, that the child appeared no more aſtoniſhed in the midſt of the field than if he had been in his father's houſe. He firſt mounted guard as a common ſoldier, but he roſe from rank to rank, till that of a cornet. The day that the young officer was inſtalled in his poſt, his courage was put to a rude trial. A foraging party was propoſed, and he was obliged to eſcort a troop of one hundred and twenty horſe. On the road they encountered a band of Hulans, who attacked them and oppoſed their paſſage. It was neceſſary to proceed to blows; the ſkirmiſh was ſo ſharp, that the little Chevalier, by way of initiation, was thrown from his ſaddle.

ſaddle, and fell under his horſe's feet; he remounted ſafely, and he had even ſufficient preſence of mind to preſerve his ſtandard. He fired off his piſtol, caught hold of his ſword, and fought with as much intrepidity as if he had been long uſed to ſuch rencounters.

Returning victorious, and ſlightly wounded in the right hand, he ran to ſalute his uncle. The warrior took him in his arms, preſſed him tenderly to his breaſt, and ſhed tears of joy. Then perceiving that the child had received three balls in the corners of his hat, and ſeveral others in the ſkirts of his coat, which he had not even mentioned, the Marquis was ſtruck with ſurpriſe and admiration. His father now came to embrace him. "You look very gay," ſaid he, "conſidering you have had the firing ſo near you." "Dear papa," replied the child, "I did not think of myſelf a moment: I had

had only one fear, which was that of loſing my poor ſervant, who hazarded the loſs of his own life twenty times to ſave mine. Ah! without him I ſhould not have had the pleaſure of ſeeing again, either you or my dear uncle."

During ſeven months the Chevalier de Bouflers endured without a complaint, the rudeſt toils of war. Severe to himſelf, generous and full of kindneſs to the ſoldiers, he took no advantages in conſideration of his birth, and he punctually obſerved the order and diſcipline ſo neceſſary for the preſervation of due ſubordination. Tho' he often marched by night in the midſt of deſert fields and dreary foreſts, and frequently paſſed cloſe to the enemy's poſts, he never manifeſted any ſigns of the fear natural at ſo tender an age.—At length happened the famous battle fought near Dettingen, a village ſituated on the Main, in the electorate of Mentz.

Mentz. On this famous day the little Chevalier affected ſtill more gaiety and confidence than uſual. Thinking that he perceived an air of uneaſineſs on the countenance of his father; "Papa," ſaid he, "we ſhall gain glory to-day: the Engliſh will ſee fine ſport." "May you ſay true!" replied Monſieur de Bouflers, in a voice of emotion. "I think the action will be rather hot; leſt we ſhould meet no more, let us embrace, and do well our duty!" Half an hour after this touching ſcene, the combat began in earneſt. The Chevalier de Bouflers, being poſted with his cavalry on the banks of a river, ſuſtained a rolling fire during three quarters of an hour. The cannon roared on each ſide in the moſt terrible manner; whirlwinds of ſmoke entirely hid both armies from the ſight; long files of men fell dead every mo-

ment, and the earth was heaped with carcaſes.

Towards the concluſion of the battle, which had before gone in favour of the French, the Engliſh, commanded by George II. made an unexpected movement, by which the Marſhal de Noailles, general of the French army, was deceived. He immediately gave orders for a retreat, which unfortunately did not arrive in time. The enemy fired on the French point-blank; the firſt batteries were diſmounted; terror and confuſion gained from rank to rank. In this fatal conjuncture the Chevalier de Bouflers, who had received no orders to retire from the dangerous ſituation in which he was poſted, ſaw all his men, diſabled with wounds, fall round him.—He himſelf had his left leg broken; he became ſenſeleſs, and ſlipped under his horſe's belly: a ſoldier then ventured

tured to take him on his shoulders to save him, and carried him as he could to the quarter of reserve.

The reputation of the young Chevalier for conduct and valour had reached even to the Germans, and at this period was of signal service to him. The soldier who bore him, bleeding and senseless in his arms, was stopped at three different times by the Austrians; and three times, at the sight of the wounded child, and the bare name of Boufflers, he was released, and arrived safe at the French camp.

When the young warrior had taken a little rest, and was come to himself, the wound was examined; it was judged incurable, and the surgeons declared that the leg must be amputated. The necessity and urgency of this painful operation was not concealed from him: "Since they cannot do otherwise," answered the brave boy, with

the gaiety natural to a Frenchman, I had rather loſe my leg than my head." In this cruel extremity the ſenſible and reſpectful child felt himſelf more than ever penetrated with the tendereſt ſentiments towards the authors of his exiſtence. He demanded a delay of half an hour; and cauſing ink and paper to be brought to him, he had ſufficient ſtrength and preſence of mind to write the following affectionate letter:

" DEAR MAMA,

" I have juſt received a wound in the leg; I will not conceal from you that it is abſolutely neceſſary that it ſhould be taken off. I ſuffer more than I can expreſs; but it is leſs from my wound than from the thought of the grief that it will give you to hear of it.

" I

" certainly expect to ſurvive the operation; but if Providence has ordered otherwiſe, let me at leaſt have the conſolation of embracing you in this letter; and may this writing of a ſon, who loves as much as he reſpects you, be a new proof to you, my dear mama, of my tender remembrance, and my gratitude for all your benefits.

" Do not make yourſelf uneaſy, my dear mother; I ſhall ſoon recover. Embrace for me my ſiſter and my good friend."

After having written this letter, the young hero entreated, with the moſt tender ſolicitude, that it ſhould be ſent immediately to his mother; he was even attentive to have the courier largely paid in his preſence, after which he abandoned himſelf to the operation. It was performed with no leſs promptitude than care and ſkill; yet this intrepid and too tender child could

not ſurvive it. "I am dying," ſaid he, in a ſtifled voice; "father, I am about to leave you—Carry, I beg, this laſt kiſs to mama." His father, burſting into tears, bent down to receive the laſt careſs of his dear ſon, who added: "Dear papa, it is not life that I regret: it is you; it is that I ſhall never ſee again my tender mother; it is the diſgrace of ſeeing the battle won by the Engliſh."

TOMMY DARNLEY:

This was a paſſionate little boy, though good natured enough when not in one of his humours. His papa ſaw him kick his ſpaniel dog one day for leaping up to play with him, and the poor dog cried, and hid himſelf under the table.

"What

"What did you kick the dog for?" ſays his papa.

"Becauſe," ſaid Tommy, "I have my beſt clothes on."

"And how was the dog to know that, pray?" anſwered his papa.

"But he would have dirtied me, if he did not know it." cries Tommy.

"And which was the worſt," replied his papa, "to have had a ſpot of dirt upon your clothes, or to be guilty of a cruel action?"

"It was not cruel," ſays Tommy. His papa immediately gave him a box on the ear, and Tommy roared out.

"Now," added his papa, "you think it hard for me to give you a blow, though you have anſwered me ſaucily; and was it not more ſo of you to hurt a poor dog, who came up to you in love? Children who have no feeling for animals ſhould be taught it by ſuffering themſelves. I did not ſtrike

you becauſe you anſwered me ſo diſreſpectfully, though this deſerved puniſhment; but it would have been a different kind of puniſhment, and I ſhould have reaſoned with you upon it; but to inflict pain upon a faithful dog who fawns upon you, deſerves corporal pain; and you may depend upon it; I will never paſs by ſuch a mark of bad diſpoſition. Perhaps you will tell me, you did not think a kick would have hurt Rover ſo much; but I ſtruck you, that you may think of it next time you are going to kick him."

Here Mr. Darnley left the room, and Tommy, in the firſt moment of reſentment, reſolved to kick the dog again. He called the poor beaſt, who immediately came out and licked his hand. Tommy was affected at this inſtance of affection in an unoffending creature, whom he was going to hurt in mere revenge, and his heart reproached

proached him for his deſign. He patted Rover's head inſtead of kicking him; and when he ſaw the poor dog hold up his leg which was bruiſed before, he felt himſelf aſhamed and ſorry. When his papa returned, he found him ſitting on the ground, with Rover in his lap.

"I hope you are ſenſible of your fault," ſays Mr. Darnley.

As one good action always leads to another, Tommy was inclined to confeſs to his papa his intention of beating Rover, in revenge for his box on the ear; but he ſtruggled ſome time with falſe ſhame. "Why don't you anſwer me?" ſaid his papa. Tommy ſobbed, and continued ſilent, ſtill careſſing Rover. "Well, I think I can ſee you are ſorry," cried Mr. Darnley, "and I love you now."

"Oh, you never will," ſays Tommy, "for I was going to beat poor Rover, becauſe you beat me."

"And why did not you!" returned his papa.

"Becauſe he came and licked my hand as I held it up!"

"Now you convince me," ſaid Mr. Darnley, "that you are truly ſorry, and this confeſſion really makes me love you more. Had you ſtruck Rover, I might not have known it, but your conſcience would have made you unhappy; and you muſt have known you had diſpleaſed God, who ſees every thing, and who has placed a monitor in your own heart, which always will upbraid or applaud your conduct, even towards brutes.

"You read in the Holy Scriptures, that the merciful man is merciful to his beaſt; and there are ſome ſtriking paſſages left upon record to teach us humanity to the animal creation. When Eſau met his brother Jacob, and wanted him to take the journey together,

ther, after their reconciliation, Jacob told him, that beſides the children being tender, that the *flocks and herds were with him, and were with young, and if the men ſhould over-drive them one day, all the flock would die.*

Geneſis, xxxiii. 13.

" Amongſt the reaſons which Almighty God vouchſafes to give to Jonah for not deſtroying a great city, it is written, that beſides ſix ſcore thouſand people who could not diſcern their right hand from their left, there was *alſo much cattle.*

" A miracle was once wrought to rebuke inhumanity as well as diſobedience: God opened the mouth of an aſs to rebuke Balaam, whilſt his angel ſtands by, and aſks him why he had ſmitten his aſs three times?

" Cruelty is a great crime in the ſight of our heavenly Father, whoſe tender

tender mercies are over all his works: we are ſent into this world to make every thing as happy as we can about us, and God has ordained that *this* ſhall be the ſource of our happineſs.—If you behave ill to your playfellows, if you are diſobedient to me, if you torment harmleſs dumb animals, you cannot fail to be unhappy yourſelf.

" There is but one way of correcting what is wrong in our tempers, and that is, to pray to God for grace.——Whenever you are going to do that which you deem is wrong, lift up your heart to your Father who is in Heaven, and beg of him to preſerve you from doing it, and you will find immediately good thoughts ariſe in your heart and mind, and the inclination to commit any fault will be taken away, and you will be the watchful care of good angels, though you cannot ſee them, who will protect you

you by night and by day, ſkreen you from the ſtorms of paſſion and the evils of life!"

VOLNEY BECKNER.

Volney Beckner was born at Londonderry, in 1748, and devoured by a ſhark at the age of twelve years.

The child, whom we here commemorate, had not the advantage of ſpringing from a wealthy or diſtinguiſhed family: but of what importance is birth? What is the effect of riches? They often corrupt the morals. He who is worthy, he who is honeſt and wiſe has no need of anceſtors.—— Volney Beckner was the ſon of a poor Iriſh ſailor; he received no inſtruction but what related to his father's profeſſion. Yet, all deſtitute as he was

was of education, he does not the leſs deſerve a place in this biography. Nature had endowed his body with ſingular addreſs and agility, and his mind with unuſual intelligence and penetration. He had a ſoul of no common temper; and from his earlieſt years he diſcovered ſentiments of valour, which would certainly have led him to great enterprizes, had he run a longer courſe of life.

One art eſſentially neceſſary for a ſailor, and to all others who travel by ſea, is that of ſwimming. Beſides that this exerciſe is very favourable to the health, and that it gives ſuppleneſs to the limbs, it is indiſpenſable in a ſhipwreck: there is no medium in ſuch a caſe; a perſon muſt either know to ſwim or be drowned.

As ſoon as little Beckner was weaned, his father taught him to move and to guide himſelf in the middle of the waves,

waves, even when they were moſt agitated. He threw him down into the ſea from the ſtern of the ſhip; then ſuddenly plunging into this perfidious element, which ſwallowed ſo many men and ſo much riches, he ſought for him again.

He afterwards ſupported him with one hand, taught him to extend his little arms and legs, and thus accuſtomed him from his cradle to brave dangers in their very boſom.

The pupil became ſo daring, ſo able, and ſo vigorous, that from his fourth year he would follow the ſhip in which he had been brought up, ſwimming for the diſtance of two or three leagues. As ſoon as he was overcome with fatigue, and began to diſappear, his father, who watched him with an attentive eye, flew to catch him, and brought him to the ſhip on his back. Sometimes, when the little lad was not extremely

tremely fatigued, he would cling dexterouſly round a rope which was thrown out to him, and crept up like a rat into the veſſel.

When he grew a little bigger the ſhip-boy already knew how to render himſelf uſeful to the crew. In bad weather, when the wind blew with violence, when it tore the ſails, and the rain fell in torrents, he was not one of the laſt in manœuvring. The ſquirrel does not clamber with more agility over the trees of Lapland than Volney did along the cables and ſail-yards. When he was at the top of the higheſt maſt, even in the fierceſt of the ſtorm, he appeared as little agitated as a paſſenger ſtretched on his hammock.

Such is the force of habit and example! Happy are thoſe who ſee none but good ones! Cradled in the effeminacy of cities, abandoned to timorous and ignorant nurſes, moſt children tremble

tremble like a leaf at the creaking of a door, they are ready to faint at ſeeing a mouſe paſs by at their feet. It is not ſo with thoſe who are brought up in the midſt of toils, and contemplate brave men. To be fed with biſcuit broken with a hatchet, ſparingly moiſtened with muddy water full of worms, to be half covered with a garment of coarſe cloth, to take ſome hours of repoſe ſtretched on a plank, and be ſuddenly wakened at the moment when his ſleep was the ſoundeſt; ſuch was the life of Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robuſt conſtitution. He never caught cold, he never knew fevers, or any of that croud of diſeaſes ſpringing from gluttony and idleneſs. A ſevere and hardy education is always the beſt, it alone forms ſuperior men; of this fact the hiſtory of all ages furniſhes us with a multitude of examples. Such was the aptitude and induſtry of Beckner in

in his twelfth year, that at this age he was judged worthy of a higher ſtation, and double pay. The captain of the ſhip, on board which he ſerved, cited him as a model to the other boys. He did not even fear to ſay once, in the preſence of the whole crew. "If this little man continues to conduct himſelf with ſo much valour and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place much above that which I occupy."—Little Volney was very ſenſible to the praiſes that he had ſo well deſerved.—Although deprived of his ſtudy of letters, which cultivates the mind, extends our knowledge, and gives us juſter ideas of things, he loved glory by inſtinct, and made great efforts for its acquiſition. From ſeveral inſtances of intrepid daring, which he manifeſted in many dangerous emergencies, we ſhall only ſelect the following, ſince this

this alone is ſufficient to confer eternal honour on the memory of the young ſailor.

A little girl, daughter to a rich American, who was going to Port-au-Prince in France, had ſlipped away from her nurſe, who was ill, and taking ſome repoſe, and ran upon deck. There, whilſt ſhe fixed her eyes with greedy curioſity on the immenſe expanſe of water, a ſudden heaving of the ſhip cauſed her head to turn, and ſhe fell into the ſea. The father of Volney perceiving her, darted after her, and in five or ſix ſtrokes he caught her by the frock. Whilſt he ſwam with one hand to regain the veſſel, and with the other held the child cloſe to his breaſt, Beckner perceived at a diſtance a ſhark advancing directly towards him. He called out for aſſiſtance. The danger was preſſing.—— Every one ran on deck, but no one dared

dared to go farther; they contented themſelves with firing off ſeveral carabines; and the animal, laſhing the ſea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was now juſt about to ſeize his prey. Little Volney armed himſelf with a broad and pointed ſabre; he threw himſelf into the ſea; then plunging with the velocity of a fiſh, he ſlipped under the belly of the animal, and ſtabbed his ſword into him up to the hilt. Thus ſuddenly aſſailed, and deeply wounded, the ſhark quitted the ſailor, but he turned doubly exaſperated againſt the aggreſſor, who attacked him with repeated blows. What a heart-rending ſight! How worthy of admiration! On one ſide the American trembling for his little girl, who ſeems devoted for deſtruction; on the other a generous mariner expoſing his life for a child not his own; and here the whole crew raiſing their hands to heaven

heaven on ſeeing young Volney contending with an enemy ſo greatly ſuperior, and encountering inevitable death to divert it from his father! Who can recal a ſcene like this without diſſolving into tears of tenderneſs?

The combat was too unequal, and no refuge remained but in a ſpeedy retreat. A number of ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the ſon, and they each ſucceeded in ſeizing one.—They were haſtily drawn up; already they were more than fifteen feet above the ſurface of the water; already cries of joy were heard: "Here they are, here they are—they are ſaved!" Alas! no—they were not ſaved! at leaſt one victim was to be ſacrificed to the reſt. Enraged at ſeeing his prey about to eſcape him, the ſhark plunged to make a vigorous ſpring, then iſſuing from the ſea with impetuoſity, and darting forward like lightning,

ning, with his ſharp teeth he tore aſunder the body of the intrepid and unfortunate child while ſuſpended in the air. A part of his palpitating and lifeleſs body was drawn up to the ſhip with his father and the fainting American.

Thus died, at the age of twelve years and ſome months, this hopeful young ſailor, who ſo well deſerved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed, and the ſacred motive by which he was animated to the enterprize, we are penetrated with ſorrow to ſee him ſink under it. A faithful relation of r cannot but animate with a generous zea the tender minds of youth, and produce from age to age the repetition of actions not leſs praiſe-worthy.

MARGARET

MARGARET ROPER.

This accomplished woman was the eldeſt daughter of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England. That great man took extraordinary care of the education of his children, and his houſe was eſteemed a little academy. The famous Eraſmus has given the following account of it in one of his epiſtles: "More hath built, near London, upon the Thames ſide (at Chelſea) a commodious houſe, neither mean nor ſubject to envy, yet magnificent enough; there he converſeth affably with his family, his wife, and ſon and daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their huſbands, with eleven grandchildren; there is not any man living loving to his children as he, and ſuch is the excellence of his temper, that whatſoever happeneth that could not

not be prevented, he loveth it ſo as though nothing could happen more happily. You would ſay, there was in that place Plato's academy; but I do the houſe an injury in comparing it to Plato's academy, wherein there were only diſputations of numbers, and geometrical figures, and ſometimes of moral virtues; I ſhould rather call the houſe a ſchool or univerſity of chriſtian religion; for there is none therein but readeth or ſtudieth the liberal ſciences; their eſpecial care is piety and virtue; there is no intemperate language or quarrelling heard, none ſeen idle; which houſehold diſcipline that worthy gentleman doth not govern by proud words, but with all kind and courteous benevolence; every body performeth his duty, yet is there always alacrity, neither is ſober mirth any thing wanting."

The

The ſubject of the preſent memoir poſſeſſed ſingular accompliſhments.—She had a ready wit, a quick conception, tenacious memory, a fine imagination, and a happy method of expreſſing her ſentiments. Under the tuition of her learned preceptors ſhe became a perfect miſtreſs of the Greek and Latin languages, and well acquainted with philoſophy, aſtronomy, arithmetic, logic, rhetoric, and muſic. So greatly fond was Sir Thomas of this his darling daughter, that his life was, in a manner, wrapt up in her's; and when ſhe lay dangerouſly ill of a ſweating ſickneſs, he went into his chapel, and upon his knees, with the moſt ardent devotion earneſtly prayed the Almighty to direct and bleſs means for her recovery. The good man's prayers were anſwered, and ſhe was reſtored after the marks of death were upon her, and the faculty had given

her over. About the year 1528, being then in the twentieth year of her age, she married William Roper, Esq. of Eltham, in Kent; a gentleman endowed with all those qualities that could be wished for in a husband.—The family, however, still lived together at Chelsea till the time that Sir Thomas was sent to the Tower, and cut off by the sanguinary master whom he had served with the greatest fidelity. By Mr. Roper she had two sons and three daughters, of whose education she took the greatest care. The famous Ascham tells us that she was desirous of having him for their tutor; but he would not, on any account, leave the university, upon which she procured Dr. Cole and Dr. Christopherson, two very learned men, to take upon them the instruction of her children.

She frequently corresponded with Erasmus,

Eraſmus, who held her in ſuch high eſteem, as to call her Britanniæ Decus. As ſhe had been in her younger days very aſſiduous in acquiring the learned languages, ſo now ſhe ſeems as eagerly bent in ſtudying philoſophy, aſtronomy, phyſic, and theology. The two laſt of which were recommended to her by her father, as the beſt ſtudies for the remainder of her life. A little before King Henry Eighth's divorce from his wife, Sir Thomas reſigned the great ſeal, that he might have no concern in that affair, which he utterly diſliked. Till this time, as was before obſerved, he and his family all lived together under one roof, and at his expence; but now neceſſity compelled them to ſeparate. When Sir Thomas was committed to the tower for refuſing to take the oath of ſupremacy, Mrs. Roper obtained leave to viſit him, and endeavoured, by all the me-

thods and arguments ſhe could deviſe, to perſuade him to a compliance. But all proved ineffectual; his conſcience was immoveable, and ſentence of death was paſſed upon him. After this event, as he was going back to the Tower, Mrs. Roper ruſhed through the guards and crowds of people, and came preſſing towards him; at ſuch a ſight, as courageous as he was, he could hardly bear up under the ſurprize which her ſudden appearance had excited; for ſhe fell upon his neck, and held him faſt in the moſt endearing embraces, but could not ſpeak one word, owing to the extremity of her grief. The guards were greatly moved at this affecting ſcene, and the ſurrounding ſpectators were melted into tears. At length Sir Thomas ſaid, "My moſt dear Margaret, bear up with patience, and do not any longer grieve for me. It is the will of God, and therefore muſt

muſt be ſubmitted to;" and then gave her a parting kiſs.

Having withdrawn a little way, ſhe ran to him again, and fell upon his neck in a ſilent but expreſſive agony of ſorrow. Her father looked wiſtfully upon her, but ſaid nothing, the tears trickling down his cheeks, a language too well underſtood by his diſtreſſed daughter, though he bore all this with the greateſt fortitude. But juſt as he was about to take his leave of her, he begged her prayers to God for him, and ſo took his farewell of her.

After Sir Thomas was beheaded, ſhe took care to have his body interred in the chapel of the Tower; and afterwards obtained leave to have it removed to the church at Chelſea, as in his life time he had appointed. His head having remained about fourteen days upon London Bridge, and being about to be caſt into the Thames, to

make room for others, ſhe bought it, "leſt (as ſhe affirmed to the council, on being ſummoned before them for the ſame) it became food for fiſhes."

She alſo felt the fury of the king's diſpleaſure on account of her filial affection, and was committed to priſon, but, after a ſhort confinement, was releaſed and ſent to her huſband.

"She was," ſaith one writer, "the moſt like her father both in favour and wit, and proved, indeed, a moſt rare woman for learning, ſanctity, and ſecrecy, and therefore her father truſted her with all his ſecrets. She corrected by her own ſegacity, without the help of any manuſcript, a corrupted place in St. Cyprian, as Pamelian and John Coſtor teſtify; inſtead of *miſi vos ſercritatis*, reſtoring *nervos ſervaritatis*.

Beſides a great number of Latin epiſtles, orations, and poems, which ſhe compoſed, ſhe left, of her writing, an

an oration, in anſwer to Quintilian, on a poſition in his Inſtitutes, which ſhews her ingenuity in the moſt reſpectable light. She alſo wrote two declarations, which her father and ſhe tranſlated into Latin with ſo much elegance, that it is difficult to determine which is the beſt. She likewiſe wrote a treatiſe on the four loſt things, which her father greatly admired, and preferred to one of his own upon the ſame ſubjects. She tranſlated Euſebius's Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory out of Greek into Latin, but it was never publiſhed. This work was afterwards rendered into Engliſh by her daughter Mary, who inherited her mother's fine parts and learning.

Mrs. Roper ſurvived her father nine years, was ſixteen years the wife of Mr. Roper, and dying about the thirty-ſixth year of her age, in 1544, was buried, as ſhe had deſired, with her father's head in her arms (having carefully

ſully preſerved it in a leaden caſket) in St. Dunſtan's church, in Canterbury. Mr. Roper was interred, after his death, in the ſame grave; and over it was placed a monument with the following inſcription:

" Here lieth buried William Roper, Eſq. a venerable and worthy man, the ſon and ſucceſſor of the late John Roper, Eſq. and Margaret his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas More, Knt. once Chancellor of England; a woman excellently ſkilled in the Greek and Latin tongues. The above-mentioned William Roper, ſucceeded his father John Roper, in the office of prothonotary, in the high court of King's Bench: and after having diſcharged the duties of it faithfully fifty-four years, he left it to his ſon Thomas. The ſaid William Roper, was liberal both in his private and public conduct, kind, and compaſſionate in his

his temper, the ſupport of the priſoner, the poor, and the oppreſſed. He had iſſue by Margaret, (his only wife) two ſons and three daughters, whoſe children and grand-children he lived to ſee. He loſt his wife in the bloom of his years, and lived a chaſte widower thirty-three years. At length (his days being fulfilled in peace) he died, lamented by all, in a good old age, on the 4th of January, in the year of redemption 1577, and of his age 82."

Francis de Beauchateau.

Francis de Beauchateau, was the ſon of a player of the ſame name, was born at Paris in 1645, and died at ſea at the age of fifteen.

The biographers of this young man have repreſented him as a moſt accompliſhed

pliſhed character, equally excellent in heart and underſtanding. What is remarkable, and well worthy the attention of perſons of a tardy genius is, that he was very ſlow in learning; but what he wanted in promptitude, he ſupplied by labour and conſtant application. It was thus that he became learned almoſt in his cradle. His father ſpared nothing that might contribute either to his inſtruction or the formation of his manners. Although the profeſſion of a player is one which does not always admit of a very regular mode of life, he thought nothing too much for his ſon, and employed the greater part of his ſalary in procuring for him the beſt maſters in every department. His wife, who alſo was a player, did not heſitate to make the ſame ſacrifices on her part. She more than once ſold her trinkets, and confined herſelf to the moſt ſimple dreſſes

to

concur in the deſigns of her huſband, whom ſhe ſincerely loved. The young pupil fully anſwered to theſe tender cares, and largely contributed to the happineſs of his parents, both by his progreſs in learning and the amiable qualities of his heart.

Nothing ſerves more to enlarge the mind than to adorn the memory with choſen paſſages, whether in proſe or verſe. This method, now too much neglected, was formerly employed with ſucceſs in the liberal ſtudies. Altho' ſomewhat ſlow of conception, Beauchateau read and wrote paſſably in his fifth year; and he knew by heart, and recited with correctneſs, the beſt of La Fontaine's fables. What ſo much haſtened his progreſs was, that his maſters never gave him a line to learn without previouſly explaining to him the literal or figurative ſenſe of the words, and giving him an exact divi-

nation

of them. He who knows well how to chooſe his times, and to manage his means, will find himſelf able to do a great many things without extraordinary efforts. Although little Francis did not ſtudy three hours a day in all, yet in his eighth year he already underſtood the beſt Greek and Latin authors; he tranſlated them very well at ſight, becauſe he had been taught theſe difficult languages after the manner of Montaigne's father, that is, chiefly by uſe and by converſation, which ſaves the inſurmountable diſguſt cauſed by a multitude of abſtract principles and perplexing rules.

We commonly conſider thoſe premature geniuſes, who diſplay the knowledge of men while yet in leading-ſtrings, as phenomena; let us ceaſe to wonder: patience, and ſound principles of education accompliſh every thing, and ſupply the defects of nature.

ture. Like thoſe ſtony and ungrateful ſoils, which ſtubborn labour at length ſucceeds in rendering fertile, the moſt unpromiſing underſtanding may be formed by means of aſſiduous cultivation. With a few exceptions, what has already been learned by one individual, another is equally capable of knowing. Where invention is not the point, nothing but time is neceſſary; every thing depends on the method and ability of the maſters. The languages are the keys of human knowledge; he who poſſeſſes ſeveral of them, poſſeſſes alſo ſeveral means of inſtruction. Beſides Greek and Latin, thoſe two baſes of the liberal ſtudies, young Beauchateau alſo applied himſelf to the Spaniſh and Italian, which were then ſpoken by well educated people of faſhion. In his eleventh year he was ſo well verſed in theſe two fine languages of the ſouth, that he would

not have needed an interpretor at Madrid or Florence.

It is not ſufficient to make a deep and conſtant ſtudy of literature, to paſs much time in reading the beſt authors, in order to form a complete ſcholar, the pupil ought to try his own powers and be able to execute in his turn.—The inſtructors of our young ſcholar did not forget to accuſtom their docile pupil to tranſlate a great deal, and to extract the beſt paſſages from his reading; and they exerciſed him particularly in compoſing on all ſorts of ſubjects, both in proſe and verſe.

Verſification is, I know not why, a talent entirely neglected in education, both public and private. It is, however, very uſeful in forming the ſtyle; nothing ſharpens the wit more, nothing contributes more to give grace, energy, or ingenuity to the thoughts. By means of turning verſes little Beauchateau

chateau learned to make very pretty ones; and he ſoon acquired a certain degree of reputation in this charming art. The productions of the naſcent poet did not favour of the weakneſs of his age.

Equally full of ſenſe, of vigour, and of fancy, they paſſed from the capital to the provinces; and it could ſcarcely be believed that they were the work of a child. Many conſiderable people, wiſhing to aſſure themſelves of the truth, invited the father of little Francis, to bring his ſon to them, that they might hear him talk, and judge for themſelves of the things that were related of him on all ſides. Their ſatisfaction equalled their ſurprize at the firſt interview. They were enchanted, and did not heſitate to allow the ſuperiority of a careful and ſyſtematic education, over thoſe ſuperficial and detached notions which perſons common-

ly content themſelves with giving to youth.

Anne of Auſtria, the mother of Lewis Fourteenth, was alſo very curious to ſee the celebrated child.—— Having ſent for him to the *Louvre*, ſhe aſked him queſtions on various ſubjects, which he anſwered with equal caſe and preciſion.

" How is it," aſked the Princeſs, " that you can have ſo much wit and knowledge at your age?" " O," replied the young poet, " when we approach the gods of the earth, and above all beauty, it would be difficult not to have them."

Flattered with the repartee, the queen embraced the child, and diſmiſſed him, loaded with rich preſents, among which was a box for ſugar-plumbs, adorned with precious ſtones.

Cardinal Mazarine, Chancellor Seguier, and many other great people, uſed

uſed to amuſe themſelves with ſending for little Beauchateau, giving him a ſubject for his muſe, and ſhutting him up till he had performed his taſk, which he never failed to do very much to their ſatisfaction.

As Francis de Beauchateau began his claſſical ſtudies very early, and improved with great aſſiduity the precious moments of youth, at thirteen or fourteen years of age he had ſcarcely any thing more to learn. It was about this time that he reviſed his poetical compoſitions, and cauſed them to be printed, under the title of, "The Muſe of little Beauchateau." They were adorned with the portraits of the great men and diſtinguiſhed ladies whom he had celebrated, and this firſt edition met with a very rapid ſale; ſince all parents were pleaſed to preſent to their children the works of ſo young

a poet, as an encouragement to the love of the arts and of fame.

Every thing depends on the firſt impulſe given to the human mind.—Science and information were become things of abſolute neceſſity to this illuſtrious child, whoſe life is ſo worthy to be written. The Engliſh tongue was not at all in vogue in his time, yet he applied to it with ardour, and enabled himſelf both to underſtand and to ſpeak it. In order to make himſelf more perfect in it, he obtained permiſſion of his father to go and ſpend ſome months in England: and he ſet out with the French ambaſſador, to whom he had been recommended.

On his arrival at London, Beauchateau was received by a crowd of perſons of rank, and by the Protector himſelf, with the ſame diſtinction as at the court of Lewis Fourteenth. He was of a ſlender ſhape, and very little; and

and although of a good conſtitution, at thirteen he did not appear to be more than nine or ten years old; a circumſtance which added ſtill more to the reputation of his talents. This uncommon youth was alſo of an engaging appearance, and the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition anſwered to this agreeable advantage of nature. The moſt noble and beautiful ladies contended for the pleaſure of entertaining this delightful child. They ſometimes placed him on their knees, where he more than once compoſed verſes full of point and gaiety.

Little Beauchateau was not fourteen at the time of his voyage to England, yet he was at the ſummit of his reputation. At this period, ſtill devoured with the thirſt of knowledge, he embarked at Plymouth to go into Perſia, with two learned geometricians from Oxford.

It has been insinuated that this fine genius had the intention of sacrificing the Muses to Plutus; but surely this suspicion is unfounded. If he had felt the passion for riches, he might amply have satisfied it in the bosom of his country; for before his departure, it is certain that offices, no less lucrative than easy to be filled, had been offered to his acceptance.

It is conjectured, with more probability, that this literary phenomenon had the intention of studying the oriental languages; he had shown a taste for them from his childhood, and he took singular pleasure in hearing Turks or Persians converse. However this may be, Beauchateau put to sea in 1660; the ship which carried him was assailed by a dreadful tempest the second day after their departure. The crew, much distressed, saved themselves with the greatest difficulty.—

Many

Many perſons were drowned by throwing themſelves into a veſſel, which afterwards ſunk; and it is preſumed that the unfortnnate child was of this number, for nothing was heard of him afterwards.

Knowledge and abilities are a powerful recommendation of themſelves; but it is deſirable that they ſhould be free from all affectation, and accompanied by genuine modeſty. The poſſeſſor ſhould, in ſome ſort, be ignorant of them; he ſhould devote them with the greateſt politeneſs and willingneſs to the amuſement of ſociety, otherwiſe they often produce a contrary effect.

The actor, Beauchateau, in procuring a good education for his ſon, was, above all, ſolicitous that he ſhould by no means value himſelf upon it. Indeed, though little Beauchateau had the ſcience of an acade-

mician, he had all the ſimplicity of other children; he whipped his top with them, he played about in the ſame manner, and never thought of diſplaying either his wit or his knowledge.

One day his father took him to dine at the houſe of a rich man, where there were ſeveral children of his own age. During a great part of the entertainment the converſation turned on poetry, on muſic, and on the Spaniſh language, which was then very much in faſhion. Some ladies, more learned than thoſe of our days, quoted ſome paſſages, which raiſed a diſpute on the ſources from which they were taken. Though little Francis knew them perfectly well, he took no notice of it, and chatted quietly with the children of his own age. Dinner being ended, muſic was mentioned, and the young ladies were requeſted to touch the harpſichord,

harpſichord. They placed themſelves, not without a great deal of preſſing, at the inſtrument. After having poorly executed ſome very eaſy pieces, they were much applauded, and appeared very vain of their little ſucceſs. Beauchateau, who played very well, remained, however eaſy and quiet by the ſide of his father, ſo that the company were far from ſuſpecting that he was able to obtain the ſame applauſe as the young ladies. As theſe things were going on, Pazzirini, the famous Tuſcan violin player, came in. He knew Francis, whom he had frequently ſeen at concerts, and with whom he loved to ſpeak Italian. "What!" cried the muſician, "you do not play my friend. Ah, you are a little rogue to deprive the company of the pleaſure of hearing you!" All eyes were then turned on the child, who remained quite confounded with the compli-

ment.

ment. He was entreated to ſit down to the harpſichord, which he did with the moſt perfect modeſty, accompanying the inſtrument in ſeveral Spaniſh ſongs, which he ſung with equal taſte and intelligence. When he had done playing, the ladies loaded him with careſſes. They then addreſſed him in Spaniſh and Italian. He anſwered them in the ſame languages; he even ſpoke of the manners, cuſtoms, and government of thoſe countries, in ſuch a manner, that none could be weary of hearing him. Every one was delighted, and knew not which to admire moſt, ſuch rare talents, or ſo much diſcretion at ſo tender an age.

CANDIAC

Candiac de Montcalm.

Candiac de Montcalm, born at Candiac, near Nimes, in 1719.

Biographers have been diffuſe upon the premature erudition of young Candiac; but, to my great regret, they have given us no account of his moral character and diſpoſition. This, however, is what renders a man eſtimable and valuable in ſociety. Of what importance is the vain enumeration of languages, of plants, of arts, of ancient and modern nations, if all this does not lead us to the knowledge of ourſelves, or induce us to promote the happineſs of all around us? If we here mention this literary phenomenon, it is merely to excite the emulation of our pupils; it is to ſhew them that, with pains and application, all kinds of ſciences may be acquired from the tenderest

dereſt years. The Marquis of Montcalm had received from his father a remarkably excellent education; and to procure a ſimilar one for his ſon was a point which he had much at heart. He knew, by the experience of all ages, that titles of nobility, fortune, and honours, and tranſitory goods, but that talents, knowledge, and wiſdom, have nothing to fear from the caprices of fate, or from revolutions.—Founding his ſyſtem on this truth, this equally tender and enlightened father, ſurrounded his young heir with the moſt able maſters whom he could procure; he did not heſitate, for this object, to incur that expence which others laviſh upon ſuperfluities, in contempt of things both honourable and neceſſary. Unlike thoſe ſervile followers of the beaten track, who have neither ſtudied nor reflected, and who believe themſelves competent to teach

becauſe

they teach, the inſtructors of little Candiac ſimplified for him, with clearneſs, the firſt elements of the ſciences. They preſented them to him in ſo many varied and charming forms, that the pupil never manifeſted any repugnance to learning.

What we frequently touch, what offers itſelf to our eyes without ſtudy and without conſtraint, eaſily impreſſes itſelf on our memory. In conſequence it occurred to them to trace, upon cards and other moveable pieces, the different characters of the alphabet. By comparing them together, young Candiac was able to diſtinguiſh them from the age of fifteen months; it was ſufficient to aſk him for a B, an X, or a Z, &c. he ran immediately to ſeek the letter, and brought it joyfully to the perſon who had aſked for it.

This firſt ſtep being taken, other means, no leſs ingenuous, were employed,

ployed, completely to initiate the young pupil in reading.

Full as is the French language of contradictory rules, and perpetually recurring difficulties, he advanced in it with a rapid pace. It is even asserted that, at the age of three years, he read and pronounced very well French, Latin, and Greek, whether printed or manuscript Threats and punishments are unfortunately necessary to make many children study. It was not so with the docile Candiac. Singularly sensible to praise, a kind word, a caress, was sufficient to stimulate his self-love; he always performed much more than could be required of him. Such even was his ardour for study, and his insatiable appetite for books, that it was necessary to conceal them from his sight. When he had completed his fourth year, he was instructed in the abstract principles of Latin; and in ten months

months he was able to conſtrue the lives of Cornelius Nepos and Juſtin's Univerſal Hiſtory. Beſides the antient languages, this ſtudious child alſo learned arithmetic, geography, hiſtory, geometry, and antiquities. All theſe ſciences, in which he ſeemed born to excel, became familiar to him in a ſhort time; his maſters could ſcarcely follow him; and they remained no leſs aſtoniſhed at the rapidity of his progreſs than at the juſtneſs of his reaſoning. "When other children," ſays the Abbé Monnoie, "ſcarcely liſp 'the croſs of Jeſus,' the ſon of the Marquis de Montcalm had already peruſed, and even made extracts from a croud of hiſtorians, orators, letter-writers, philoſophers, and grammarians; and his reputation every day encreaſing, extended far beyond his paternal manſion. Montpellier, Nimes, Uſez, Lyons, Grenople, Paris itſelf, the

center of letters and liberal ſtudies, paid a juſt tribute of admiration to ſo much learning united in ſo young a mind. The public papers were filled with flattering accounts of this young phenomenon, and a number of intereſting particulars were mentioned of him.

It is with real ſatisfaction that I have traced the ſketch of the ſtudies and literary ſucceſs of young Candiac, but it would be much encreaſed, had I any particulars to relate concerning his diſpoſition and conduct. Yet notwithſtanding the ſilence of his hiſtorians, the life of this illuſtrious child is, perhaps, not leſs intereſting in a moral point of view. Can any one have a taſte for the Muſes, without uniting to it that ſweetneſs and gentleneſs which ſo well accord with their delightful commerce?

The greater part of men, hiſtorians themſelves,

themſelves, prize only brilliant talents and the gifts of the underſtanding.—Vain and falſe eſtimators of merit!—They ſcarcely deign to mention the ineſtimable qualities of the heart and the ſoul. Yet without them, what ſignifies all the genius in the world? Of what importance is knowledge, fame? A virtuous action, an inſtance of ſenſibility, the divine ties of endearing friendſhip, the mere expreſſion of an affectionate ſentiment, are infinitely more valuable than the celebrity acquired by ten triumphs.

This naſcent prodigy, however, only appeared for a moment on the ſcene of the world; whether it was that an exceſs of watching and application weakened his health, or that he was born with too delicate a conſtitution, he was cropped in the bud. But ſuch is the prerogative of the underſtanding, ſuch is the aſcendancy of merit, that they

are no more meaſured by years than the virtues of the heart, The labours of this young ſcholar have gained him immortal glory; and though he did nearly complete a courſe of three luſtres, fame has not heſitated to aſſign him a rank amongſt celebrated men.

The various and wonderful knowledge, and reputation of young Candiac, attracted to the houſe of his parents a croud of perſons, who took pleaſure in hearing and converſing with him. His father having one day aſſembled at his houſe five or ſix diſtinguiſhed academicians, the converſation naturally turned upon the ſciences. Every one ſtarted a queſtion; one on geometry, another on hiſtory, another on languages; the timid child was afraid at firſt, through modeſty, to mingle in the converſation; he contained himſelf within the bounds of a reſpectful ſilence, in preſence of men of conſummate

mate learning, whom he conſidered as his maſters. But, being invited to ſpeak in his turn, he ſoon proved that he was no ſtranger to the profound ſubjects then in queſtion; he even made obſervations which had eſcaped the other perſons preſent, and which were little expected from one of his age.

Little Mountcalm had an aſtoniſhing memory, and geography was not leſs familiar to him than other things. He again ſurprized all the company with his knowledge on this ſubject.—Having demanded of the gueſts the name of their province, and the place of their birth, he took ſome chalk, and began quickly to trace a map of France upon the floor. When his plan was finiſhed, he ſhewed to every one the place, the reſpective ſituation, the diſtance, the aſpect of his native place; he cited the battles that had been fought

fought there, the rivers which watered it, and the celebrated men who were born there. He afterwards accompanied this operation with remarks on natural hiſtory and antiquities.

A very well informed lady, little dazzled by this vaſt learning, imagined that young Cardiac was a parrot, who repeated a leſſon, and underſtood nothing but words. In conſequence of this opinion, ſhe put him upon ſubjects capable of exerciſing his reaſon and powers of reflection. Borrowing the language of the dazzled vulgar, ſhe affected to exalt the conqueſts of Alexander, and the empire of the Romans; after which ſhe aſked little Montcalm his opinion of them.——— "This is my opinion," replied he immediately. "All thoſe famous warriors were only the ſcourges of the earth. The Tyrians and Carthaginians, who have been ſo much vili-

fied,

fied, appear to me far preferable; they enriched by commerce thoſe flouriſhing nations, which the others deſtroyed by arms." "My good friend," purſued the lady, "you ſurely will not be ſo ſevere on the conqueſt of Peru by the Spaniards; and you cannot refuſe a juſt tribute of admiration to the diſcovery of the New World by Chriſtopher Columbus: for, in fact, the ſugar and ſyrups of St. Domingo are excellent things. "What do you think?" "This is a great problem to ſolve," replied Candiac, in a ſerious tone; "at my age it does not belong to me to decide; however, I do not believe that we have become richer for the gold of Peru, nor happier for wants we knew not before."

Charmed with the propriety and good ſenſe of his anſwers, the lady took the child in her arms, and looking at the Marquis of Montcalm, ſhe exclaimed:

claimed: "What an honour, what a comfort, for a father to have a ſon ſo well informed and educated! Ah! could I procure ſuch a ſon, though at the expence of my whole fortune, I ſhould think myſelf rich enough with ſuch a treaſure!"

SAMUEL GOODWIN.

This little boy was the only ſon of a capital merchant, and was tenderly beloved by his father. He had by no means a bad heart, his countenance was pleaſing, and his friends would all have been very fond of him, had he not ſhewn, in every part of his conduct, a covetous propenſity that eclipſed all his accompliſhments.

His covetous diſpoſition made him wiſh for every thing he ſaw others poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed of, and even carried him to ſo great a length that he would not ſhare among his playmates any thing he had, or even let them ſee it.

It was with little Samuel as it is generally with every body elſe, that he loſt more than he gained by his avarice. If any body gave him any ſweet meats, he would get into ſome private corner of the houſe, and there ſwallow them, for fear any of his acquaintances ſhould want part of them. His father, in order to cure him of this greedy diſpoſition, uſed, while he was feaſting in private, to give a double portion to his companions. He perceived this, and therefore left off hiding himſelf; but he no ſooner fixed his eyes on any nicety, than he appeared ready to devour it at once, and purſued the hand of thoſe that held it, as a vulture does its prey.

From what has been already said his father may be supposed to be much hurt at this conduct; and, in order to save himself as much vexation as possible, he ceased to give him any more niceties, or even have them within his house, so that they might not at any rate be within the reach of his voracious son.

If Samuel had a pleasing toy of any kind, he would never shew it, but concealed himself in the enjoyment of it, without ever being happy. If he had any sort of fruit, he would not share it with his playmates, but devour it in private, even refusing any to those he happened to love most. Consequently, none of his playmates would ever give him a part of what they had, and seemed always desirous of shunning his company. When he chanced to be engaged in a quarrel with any one, none appeared ready to take his part,

part, not even when they knew him in the right; and, when he was in the wrong, every one joined againſt him.

It one day happened, that a little boy obſerved him with an apple in his hand, and gave him by ſurpriſe a knock on the elbow, which made him let the apple fall. However, he picked it up haſtily, and in order to revenge himſelf on the boy, ſet off to catch him; but, in running, fell into a hog-pond, and had like to have been ſuffocated in the ſoil. He exerted all his power to get out, but to no effect; he endeavoured, but without ſucceeding, to prevail on his playmates to take hold of his hand and help him out.

Inſtead of aſſiſting him, they laughed at his diſtreſs, and joyouſly danced about the bond, from which he could not relieve himſelf. They told him to aſk the aſſiſtance of thoſe to whom he had done the leaſt kindneſs; but, a-

mong all his playmates, there was not one whoſe help he could demand on that ſcore. At laſt, one of the boys, who took pity on him, came forward and gave him his hand, when he ſafely got out.

Samuel ſhook off the mud as well as he could, and then to ſhew his gratitude to the little boy who had aſſiſted him, he bit off about a quarter of the apple which had cauſed this diſaſter, and which he never let go, and deſired him to accept of it. But the boy, diſguſted with ſo pitiful a gift, took the morſel, and then flung it in his face; and this ſerved as a ſignal for all the boys to ſcout him. They purſued Samuel quite home, hooting him all the way he went.

This was the firſt time he had ever been hooted, and as he did not want for feeling, it threw him into a depth of thought. He kept out of his father's

ther's preſence, and confined himſelf to his room for ſome days. There he reaſoned with himſelf on the cauſe that could produce ſuch treatment from his playfellows. "For what reaſon, (ſaid he to himſelf) could my little neighbour, who even lent me his hand to get out of the pond, throw the apple in my face, and ſet the boys to hoot me? Why has he ſo many friends, while I have not a ſingle one?"

On comparing the good boy's behaviour with his own, he ſoon diſcovered the reaſon. To become ſenſible of our errors is half the work of reformation. He recollected, that he had obſerved his friend was always ready to help every one; that whenever he had any fruit, confectionary, or the like, he ſeemed to feel more pleaſure in ſharing it with his companions, than in eating it himſelf, and had no kind of amuſement in which he did not wiſh

every one to bear a part. On this ſhort review of circumſtances he plainly perceived wherein lay the difference between himſelf and this little good boy. He at laſt reſolved to imitate him; and the next day, filling his pockets with fruit, he ran up to every boy he met, and gave him a part of it, but he could not, on a ſudden, give up *ſelf*, having left a little in his pocket to eat at home in private.

Though it is evident that he had not yet completely conquered his avarice, yet he was not a little pleaſed with the advances he had made, ſince his companions were now, on their part, more generous to him; they ſhewed themſelves much more ſatisfied with his company, and admitted him a partner in all their little paſtimes; they divided with him whatever they happened to have, and he always went home pleaſed and ſatisfied.

Soon

Soon after, he made a ſtill greater progreſs in conquering his ſelfiſh diſpoſition; for he pulled out of his pocket every thing he had, and divided it into as many ſhares as there were mouths to eat it, without reſerving any more than an equal part for himſelf. Indeed, it was the general opinion of the boys, that his own ſhare was the leaſt. This day he was much more ſatisfied than before, and went home gay and cheerful.

By purſuing this conduct, he ſoon acquired a generous habit, and became liberal even to thoſe who had nothing to give in return. He conſequently acquired the love and eſteem of his companions, who no ſooner ſaw him than they ran to meet him with joyful countenances, and made his pleaſure their own. Thus, inſtead of being miſerable and wretched through avarice, he became completely happy in the practice of generoſity.

His father was undoubtedly highly pleaſed with this change, and, tenderly embracing him, promiſed to refuſe him nothing in future that might add to his pleaſure and delight. Samuel hereby learned in what true happineſs conſiſts.

THE END.

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